

The Climax-Madisonian.

We Stand for the Purity of Home, the Supremacy of Law and the Relief of a Tax-burdened People.

OLD VOL. 41—NEW VOL. 2

THE WEATHER:
Fair

NUMBER 35

OUR CIRCULATION IN RICHMOND AND MADISON COUNTY IS EQUAL TO THE COMBINED CIRCULATION OF ALL OTHER COUNTY PAPERS

ALL THE NEWS AT MINIMUM COST

The Climax-Madisonian

By Mail (weekly), to January 1, 1916, for only

25 cts

This offer is open to NEW subscribers only, and is made with the view of inducing those who have not been readers of this paper to "get acquainted" with us.

Limited To New
Subscribers

Do It Today

A LIFE OF USEFULNESS

Elder William Stanley An Octogenarian.

Rev. William Stanley and wife, of Shively, father of Hon. A. O. Stanley, Democratic nominee for Governor of Kentucky, are here and are spending a week at Mrs. Hart's. Mr. Stanley left Versailles 35 years ago, at which time he was pastor of the Versailles Christian church. His many old friends were delighted to see him. He has had a very remarkable life. He grew up a farmer boy, became a lawyer, went to Kansas before the war, where he became the captain of a noted company of state guards and took part in putting down some very serious riots. It was a candidate for Circuit Judge when the war broke out, came back to Kentucky and enlisted in Morgan's cavalry, afterwards became a member of the Orphan Brigade, then for two years was assistant Judge Advocate General of the army. He entered the ministry after the war. Mr. Stanley is 80 years of age and looks very much younger, in spite of his patriarchal beard. His wife is a first cousin of the late Col. John F. Davis, father of Geo. T. Davis. —Woodford Sun.



(Copyright by McClure Syndicate.)

No Guide Book Authorized

Secretary Chamber of Commerce,

Richmond, Kentucky.

Dear Sir:

For the protection of your merchants and members of your organization. The Dixie Highway Association wishes to advise you that this Association has not authorized any individual or concern to issue a Guide Book of the Dixie Highway.

We feel that it would be manifestly unfair to the touring public, the advertiser and to this association to publish such a Guide at this time.

Although practically every county is at work, or has the money in hand to build its section of the Dixie Highway, a Guide Book inviting tourists to travel over the Dixie Highway before next year, would result in the highway receiving a serious set back. It is impossible for the present, to give an accurate routing of the Dixie Highway, owing to the fact that there are several questions of routing to be decided by the commissioners appointed by the Governors of the various states. When the Directors feel that the time has arrived, when such a Guide Book, which will contain only official and accurate information regarding the Highway and the territory through which it traverses can be issued so that it will be of real service to the tourist, and not merely an advertising scheme published for private gain, an official Guide, compiled by the Dixie Highway Association's own accredited representatives, will be published.

Won't you kindly have your local papers give publicity to this matter, in the interest of the Dixie Highway movement?

Very truly yours,

The Dixie Highway Association

V. D. L. Robinson

Asst's Sec'y.

The Next Best Thing to the Pine Forest for Cold Is—

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar-Honey which goes to the very root of cold troubles. It clears the throat and gives relief from that clogged and stuffy feeling. The pine has been the friend of man in driving away colds. Never the pine has been so easily and satisfactorily in fighting children's colds. Remember that a cold broken at the start greatly removes the possibility of complications. 25c ad

Old-fashioned New Orleans Molasses at Lackey & Todi's Phone 62. 7-11

COLE BLEASE

Ex-Governor of South Carolina, Who Defends Lynching.

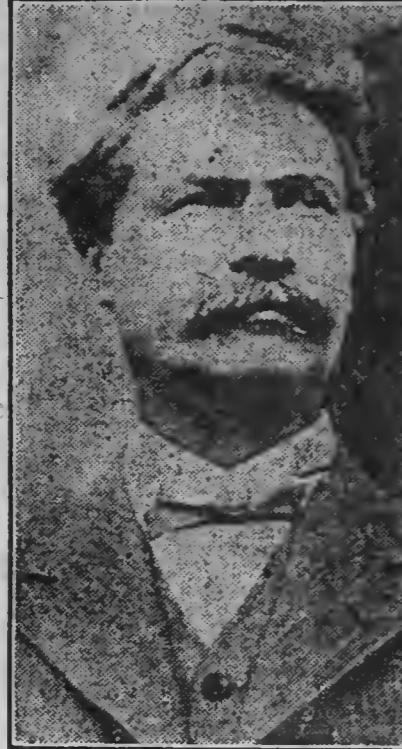


Photo by American Press Association.

RUSS RETREAT IS UNCHECKED

Germans Continue to Press Their Advantage.

TRANSPORT LOSS DENIED

Reported Loss of 1,000 Canadian Soldiers When Germans Sunk Transport is Denied by Toronto Officials —Bombardments on French Front

Ottawa, Aug. 30.—The report that a Canadian transport had been sunk on the Seine Islands is officially denied here. It is said that not since the end of July has a transport left Canada with more than three hundred men aboard and all of the transports sailing previous to Aug. 15 have reached their destination safely.

London, Aug. 30.—The German armies are continuing their offensive in Russia with vigor and with apparently no indication of any intention on their part to stop.

The German official statement published at Berlin speaks of advances of varying importance on the entire line of Koyno.

Perhaps the most important of these is that made by the army under Prince Leopold of Bavaria. These troops are now marching through the Bialowez forest, well to the east of the Brest-Litovsk and Bielsk railway, and on the outskirts of the forest one wing of the army is nearing Schereschow, thirty miles east of the railway and sixty miles northeast of Brest-Litovsk.

Father south the armies under Field Marshal von Mackensen are meeting with but little resistance, according to the German war office, and are advancing apparently even into the swampy region which is so extensive in the district lying south of the Prussian frontier.

It had been expected here that the great Bialowez forest and the Prupet march would serve as a natural barrier against the German advance behind which the Russians might take shelter. Such, however, does not seem from the wording of the Berlin statement to be the case.

Fierce hand to hand fighting for the possession of the excavations left by mine explosions occurred at Marie Therese and west of the forest of Malinoourt. The French troops, having first gained a footing in these excavations, retained possession of them in spite of the numerous German attacks.

Elsewhere on the French front there were heavy bombardments at various points. The French communiqué follows:

"There was the usual activity on the part of artillery along the major part of the front. Particularly effective bombardments of the enemy's line are reported in the north (the sector of Hetsaa and Steenstraete) in the region of Chaulnes, north of the Aisne, in the environs of Ailles, at Courecon, in Champagne, north of the Chalons camp and between the Muese and the Moselle in the neighborhood of Pannes, Euvezin and the Mortmarte wood.

The following official statement was given out by the Italian war office:

"Details of our success in the Strina valley show that the enemy suffered severe losses, leaving in our hands a great quantity of machine guns, ammunition, and sixteen cases of bombs.

An important force of the enemy at Sacra and Pozzi Alta suffered heavy loss, some guns were destroyed and those remaining being transferred to other positions outside the defence works, from where they still reply to our fire."

Now the president's advisers are promising speedy action on both Great Britain and Mexico as soon as the submarine trouble have cleared.

ITALIANS DROP BOMBS

Accused of Theft and Arson on Ships Belonging to Allies.

New York, Aug. 30.—Additional arrests and more severe charges than grand larceny are anticipated in the next few days as a result of the police bomb squads investigation and thefts on sugar ships destined for the allies. Information in the hands of Deputy Commissioner Guy Seull and Captain Thomas Tunney leads them to believe that many others besides the seven men now under arrest are involved in the alleged conspiracy. Detectives, disguised as longshoremen, now have under surveillance checkers and weighers in the employ of the steamship companies whose vessels caught fire.

It is reported that General Rostago has been seriously wounded while leading a successful attack against Austrian positions.

Pope Benedict visited incognito the wounded soldiers in the Santa Marta hospital, adjoining the Vatican. The Pope was visibly moved as he walked among the many beds, stopping to speak to some of the men. He took notes and distributed money.

Panic Caused by Earthquake.

London, Aug. 27.—The British submarine Windsor, 6,000 tons, has been sunk by a German submarine. Her crew was rescued by the Norwegian steamer Haytor, and later transferred to the New Zealand liner Remuera. The Windsor hauled from London.

THE European War.

Is destruction to life and property

Our business is to build up, to repair, and to do general job work. Try us on your next job.

TODD & TAYLOR.

Contractors and Builders. Back of Opera House. Phone 807. Richmond, Ky.

17-11

SEE PEACE MOVE IN NEW POLICY

Believe Germany Paving Way For War's End.

U. S. A. POSSIBLE MEDIATOR

Successful Mediation of Blockade Differences Between England and Germany Now Would Make America Mediator in the War.

Washington, Aug. 30.—That Germany's change of policy toward the submarine issue has a larger purpose than the mere maintenance of friendly relations with this government, is the view of some officials in Washington.

As viewed by these officials, and in diplomatic circles here, Germany is moving to rehabilitate herself in the eyes of neutrals, so that when a movement for peace is actually undertaken, she may be assured of a larger measure of sympathy and support from neutral powers than would be accorded to her now.

They believe that Germany, if not actually seeking to pave the way for negotiations, is, at least, preparing herself for the day when such negotiations will be begun.

The view that Germany is looking forward to possible peace developments from a settlement of the submarine issue is not merely a suspicion or speculation. It has a very substantial foundation in suggestions that have repeatedly been presented that have repeatedly been thrown out by German representatives in this country. Ever since the submarine issue became acute they have urged urgently upon Washington officials the great chance for a step in the direction of peace if the United States only could successfully mediate the submarine and blockade differences between Germany and England. It has been their contention that such an important step would probably prove to be a beginning, and that the way would then be open for the United States to use its good offices in promoting a still broader understanding which eventually might result in peace.

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Mr. Jones said that the bill he proposed to introduce will have the backing of school men.

Loot From Postoffice.

Mayville, Ky. (Special): Tenants on the farm of John Caldwell, near Mayville, this county, found in a barn a large sack which contained postage stamps, money orders and other paraphernalia kept about a postoffice. The Ewing postmaster identified some of what was stolen from the Ewing post office.

Woman Boat Captain.

Mayville, Ky. (Special): Mrs. Mary Greene, wife of Capt. Gordon Greene, of the Greene line of steamboats in the upper Ohio trade, has relieved Capt. James F. Hughes, command of the steamer Tacoma, Capt. Hughes going on a vacation. Mrs. Greene is the only woman on this part of the river carrying a master's and pilot's license.

Typhoid in Caldwell.

Princeton, Ky. (Special): Several cases of typhoid fever have been reported in Caldwell county, but only one death—that of William Brown, at Farmersville. Five members of the family of W. F. Ladd, of the eastern section of the county, now have typhoid.

Not only will a settlement of the submarine controversy, in the opinion of Washington officials, make the president more available from the German viewpoint, but it will also afford him an opportunity to demonstrate to the world the absolutely impartial stand of the United States as a neutral.

It was learned here on high authority that the president will not only move speedily against Great Britain's violations against the rights of Americans on the high seas, but also in the direction of a settlement of the Mexican situation as soon as the German issue has been settled. The controversy with Germany has hung like a millstone about the neck of the Washington administration for the last five months. The president and his advisers have hesitated to push the issue with England so long as they were confronted with the likelihood of an open break with Germany. Also it is believed and expected now that the threatening situation with the Kaiser's government has deterred this government from moving as speedily as it desired in the Mexican situation.

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SIX HELD IN BOMB PLOTS

Wreck the Austrian Aviation Base Near Trieste.

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17-11

ELIHU ALLEN CONVICTED

Indicted For Killing of Grover Blanton in Primary Fight.

Jackson, Ky. (Special): The jury in the Greathart circuit court sitting in the case of Elihu Allen, charged with killing Grover Blanton, a theatrical man of Quicksand, this county, on Aug. 7, in a primary election fight, returned a verdict of guilty and fixed his punishment at imprisonment for life. Allen's attorneys at once announced that they would appeal the case on the grounds of an improper denial of a change of venue and also that the defendant had been rushed into trial.

Mark Clemons also was killed and Allen himself slightly wounded during the election fight. Allen's trial has been one of the most interesting ever held in this county, because of the standing of the Blanton family.

ASK FOR NEW AMENDMENT

Provides That State Superintendent May Succeed Himself.

Frankfort, Ky. (Special): A bill submitted to the people of the state for an amendment to the Constitution permitting the state superintendent of public instruction to succeed himself in office will be introduced into the 1916 legislature by Representative T. R. Jones of Calloway county. Representative Jones was here and said he was of the opinion that the school superintendent may succeed himself.

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The following official statement was given out by the Italian war office:

ALHAMBRA

Where The Best People Go
OPEN 1:30 TO 5
6 TO 10:30TODAY—Pathé presents the serial of serials
"Who Pays"
in 3 parts each. Also special Vitagraph drama
"The Blood Yoke" and "Bunny in Bunnyland"
a late cartoon of old John Bunny. Thursday
—Lillian Walker in "Playing the Game"FRIDAY—Wm. Fox presents the supreme triumph of the stage
"The Devil's Daughter" With Theda BaraThe picture that has created more sensation than any
picture of its kind ever screened. Children under 14 will not be admitted unless with parentsSATURDAY—The Hudson Film Company
presents a special 5 part feature
"Way Down East"
with an all star cast of popular players
Miss Annabell Ward Will SingComing Tuesday
Billy SundayThe World's Greatest
Evangelist. Don't fail to
see him

Please hand us OUR dollar.

Pure Country Sorghum at Lackey &
Tod's. 6-tfGive Elmer Tate a call for anything in
his line. Phone 793. 4-tfHauling of all kinds. Spurlin's
Liver Stable, 3rd & Irvine. Phone 108.
30-tfBefore buying a typewriter see the
Victor. It's the best. 27-tf

Marion Lilly, Agent.

Drive in and hitch your horse with Elmer
Tate. One price and courteous
treatment to all—Irvine street. 4-tf

Lost

Cameo pin with dark spot on one side.
Suitable reward for its return to this
office. 35-tf

Lost Beads.

About two weeks ago, between Opera
House and postoffice, string of amber
beads. Return to this office. 35

Lost Sows.

Two Durac Jersey sows, weight about
175 pounds, just weaned pigs, strayed
from vacant lot on Tates Creek pike.
Reward for information. 35-tf

Mrs. Everett Witt,

For Rent. Rooms for storage for rent down town.
Mrs. J. B. Stouffer, phone 274. 32-tf

Automobile for Hire.

Will take you anywhere at any time.
Clifton Weaver, phone 657. 32-tf

For Sale.

Fifty tons good clover and timothy
hay. H. D. Rayburn, R. D. 2. 31-tf

For Sale.

A first class dwelling house on West
Main street. Inquire at this office. 32-tf

For Sale.

Two good residence lots in the Slack-
erford addition. G. E. LILLY.

Rooms For Rent.

Collins Street, No. 234. Miss Belle
March. 34-tf

Lost Hat.

Lost brown felt bat somewhere in
Richmond Saturday night. Return to
this office. 34-tfHampshiredown Buck Lambs
I have for sale some very good Hamp-
shiredown Buck Lambs.

23-tf

A. R. Burnam.

Keep your money in circulation by
banding us that dollar you owe us. 31-tf

Wanted to Rent.

Four or five room cottage in edge of
town, well located with six or eight
acres land. Address

31-tf

Climax Office.

For Sale.—Hogs.

We have for sale some fine Durac
Jersey hogs, both sexes, at reasonable
prices. For further particulars call on
W. H. Park & Son, Richmond, Ky., D.
4. Telephone 321. 34-tf

A Wonderful Antiseptic.

Germs and infection aggravate aill-
ments and retard healing. Stop that in-
fection at once. Kill the germs and get
rid of the poisons. For this purpose a
single application of Sloans Liniment
not only kills the pain but destroys the
germs. This neutralizes infection and
gives nature assistance by overcoming
congestion and gives a chance for the
free and normal flow of the blood. Sloans
Liniment is an emergency doctor and
should be kept constantly at hand. 25c.
The original bottle six times as
much as the 25c size. adv

The Cattle Market

Local cattle buyers have bought sever-
al hundred head of fine export cattle
during the past week at \$8 per hundred.
A large number of smaller cattle have
also changed hands at \$7 to \$7.50 per
hundred. Good yearling have been sell-
ing at \$7.50. The market has been quite
active at these figures. The hog market
has been active and several car loads of
hogs were shipped to the Cincinnati
markets during the week.

Gets Consent By Phone.

Mr. Elijah Davidson, a prominent
young man of Irvine, and Miss Parsons,
a petite young lady of Paris, bent on
getting married, arrived in this city
last Wednesday and took the necessary
steps to have the nuptial knot tied.
Owing to the age of the young lady
County Clerk Terrill refused to issue
the license. Her parents at Paris were
called over the phone and after some
dickerling gave their consent, the license
was then issued and the pair were mar-
ried at the court house forthwith.

They will be married in Irvine.

Some splendid bargains in used pianos
at Green's Piano Store, East Main street

The Nicholasville Fair.

The fourteenth annual exhibition of
the Knights of Pythias Fair was a suc-
cess. The three days attendance aver-
aged up well with last year, and there
is every evidence that the K. of P.'s
will, when the books are closed, have a
nice sum to their credit. The rings
were well filled and the exhibits good.
The floral hall was thronged with visi-
tors, and the poultry show attracted
much attention. Storms Military Band
furnished excellent music. The ladies
of the Presbyterian church at Wilmore
had charge of the dining room and
served good meals.—Jessamine Journal.

To Try Again.

Colonel W. P. Walton is preparing to
reunite the Lexingtonian, which he sus-
pended a short time ago to make as he
says, "a wild goose chase after the phan-
tasмагория of office" and expects to is-
sue in a week or two. A sadder and he
hopes a wiser man, he says, he will be
able to get out a much better paper
than before and help to elect others to
office that was denied him and for which
he will run "never again." The paper
is soon to be issued semi-weekly and as
soon as possible appear as a low priced
paper, Colonel Walton said.Miss Laura Bright
9 to 12 A. M.—Hours—2 to 4 P. M.
Phone 210 Lancaster Ave

Please hand us OUR dollar.

Dressmaking.
Dressmaking of all kinds. Mrs. Harry
Bender, Smith-Ballard st., phone 832. 4-tfTobacco Crop.
Much complaint is heard that the to-
bacco crop which promised much, is not
turning out well. It is not curing up as
it should.Here Last Week.
Rev. Oscar Crews and wife, of Bow-
ling Green, were here several days last
week, conducting services on the streets
and elsewhere. They are engaged in
Home Mission work and are doing splen-
did service.Stolen.
Mr. H. H. Williams on the Lexington
Pike had his camping outfit, consisting
of wagon, tents and cooking utensils,
stolen last Sunday night. He is on the
trail and thinks that he will soon round
up the thief.Cut Off Finger.
Mrs. Cecil Jones, of Baldwin, while
using the chopper to cut off the head of
a chicken, had the misfortune to cut off
the middle finger of the left hand. She
is suffering much pain, but no complications
are feared.Robert Gools sold ten hogs to A. D.
Baldwin at 8 cents.

Old corn is selling at \$4.25 at Baldwin.

Best of Groceries at Lackey & Todd's
Phone 62. 7-tfDiphtheria Raging in Frank-
fort.Malignant diphtheria is raging in
Frankfort and Franklin county, having
been the cause of the death of four
children within the last few days. The
county health officer of Franklin county
has ordered all churches and schools in
the county closed and every means to
stay the further spread of the disease
will be employed.Firstclass Livery and Hauling of
all kinds. SPURLIN'S Liver Stable, cor-
ner 3rd and Irvine. Phone 108. 30-tf

Entertains Them.

Firstclass Liver and Hauling of
all kinds. SPURLIN'S Liver Stable, cor-
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Rooms For Rent.

Collins Street, No. 234. Miss Belle
March. 34-tf

Lost Hat.

Lost brown felt bat somewhere in
Richmond Saturday night. Return to
this office. 34-tf

H. D. Rayburn, R. D. 2. 31-tf

For Sale.

Two good residence lots in the Slack-
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H. D. Rayburn, R. D.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY

By George V. Hobart

John Henry On the Rubes of
New York

SAY! did you ever put on your things and go out hunting for an apartment on little old Manhattan Island?

We're a Gentle Pastime—take it from Uncle Hank!

It's an exercise that brings into play all the historic unused muscles of the pocketbook.

As you grow more familiar with the Mysteries of the Game you see what a fatal mistake you made in not being born rich, and as your faltering feet take you from one Palatial Bungalow to another you berate the Destiny which failed to make you a hotel clerk in Sharon, Pa., or a soda water operator in Dawson, W. Va.

Peaches, having tired of hotel life, began to murmur incoherently from time to time about a "sweet little nest of our own."

A nest, indeed! I had a friend once who built a nest in an uptown apartment house and three months later a strange bird flew in and eloped with his wife. So sit on the nest.

Friend wife was insistent, however, so finally we set forth in quest of a haven of rest where we should no longer be at the mercy of tip-sodden waiters and money-mad bell hope.

Letting go of the life line, we swam out into the upper reaches of Broadway in search of a Renting Agency and were soon beyond hope of rescue.

After hours on our port hole loomed larger and larger the entrance to Webb & Spider's, and like a million other fays we fell for it.

Assuming that air of languid indifference which is popularly supposed to indicate excessive moneyed interests, we gave the high sign to a gold-brained functionary at the entrance and eased ourselves into the silvered cavern where they take your measure for an apartment.

The Renting Agency of Webb & Spider was the velvet goods—take it from an eagle-eyed looker! Adorning the walls were paintings the like of which Rembrandt or Corot would have been proud of—if sufficiently intoxicated. Mahogany and Plate glass did team well over the shop and the soft murmur or thrash-throated typewriters gave an atmosphere of refinement befitting a place where money is painlessly extracted.

We were wading through a carpet with pins up to our ankles when suddenly appeared in our pathway one Sydney D'Elle, the lad with map like a cow—the original, Brother of the Ox.

"No doubt you know lots of people who always smile and look conscious when accused of having Bovine Eyes, but did you ever catch the fellow with a whole face like a cow?"

Sydney D'Elle is the answer. Every time Syd looked at me I thought of the Beef Trust and shuddered.



"We Turned and Ran Like a Couple of Jack Rabbits on the Way Home to Dinner."

Syd was one of the ushers at our wedding and to this day I don't know why I ever let that human Hamburger speak be an usher. He couldn't ush for sour pickles. All he could do was to put his face where I could see it and let Nature do the rest.

And here he was again, dancing gaily back into our lives and glibbering like a gink with an unbuttoned brain.

"Well, well!" Syd chorused. "Isn't this a surprise, though? John Henry and Peaches! HERE! Looking for an apartment, eh?"

"No, Syd," I came back, after shaking him off. "no, we were playing golf on Broadway and I happened to slice a ball through the ventilator; so we came in after it!"

Syd belowed joyously: "Ha, ha! Same old John Henry! Gee I'm glad to see you. Want an apartment, don't you? How high you want to go?"

"Not above the sixth floor," I answered.

"Oh, I don't mean that—how high?" Syd asked.

"Well, not above 11th Street," I ventured.

"You don't get me," Syd complained. "I mean the price—how high you want to go in price?"

It was called the Goshwartz Arm.

The Climax-Madisonian \$1 a year

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by those who cared to mention it at all. The janitor was made up to look like a sea lion, but he had the softest voice I ever heard. It sounded like the rattle of pulverized sugar falling in a bowl of oatmeal.

He offered us seven rooms and a bath on the fifth floor, but when we got up there somebody had mislaid three of the rooms and the bath, after hearing the janitor say so many times what he charged for the apartment, had shrunk to a foot tub; so we went sedately away from there.

Then with bowed heads and hearts from which hope was preparing to flee, we entered a conning tower through a stained glass portico.

It was good time Belladonna—because it was good time for eye.

"It would strike me below the belt," I told him. "I said we wanted something reasonable."

"Well," Syd chuckled, "six thousand a year is reasonable nowadays.

We have apartments ranging all the way from \$5,000 up to \$30,000 a year and going on up till his bit his tongue.

We merely swallowed our palettes and fell back two pieces to the rear.

When the abrupt person paused for a moment at "a duplex for \$14,000 a year," we turned and ran like a couple of jack rabbits on the way home to dinner.

Two blocks away we fell under the spell of a shack called the Ipsedooza.

A Cuban refugee met us at the door and dared us to come in.

We were offered an apartment on the eleventh floor which had never

been occupied. The reason was obvious. The walls were too close together. It might be a success as a place to press autumn leaves, but not as a place to live in unless the tenants went through life standing up. We therefore declined with thanks and walked out backward, having little faith in Cuban refugees.

Presently Peaches found a pipkin. It was a gingerbread rookery with seven rooms and seven landlords.

It was called "The Pepinette" and it looked the part.

There were sliding doors; hot and cold gas in every room, and the janitor had self-telling arms.

The outlook provided a superb view of the uncompleted Pallsades, with blasting from 6 to 8 a.m. and malaria at all hours.

Peaches went dip about the dug-out, and to prove that her love was reciprocated the janitor pinched my gloves.

"How is the plumbing?" I asked.

"Better," answered the janitor; "in fact, it's almost convalescent."

I suppose he thought I was talking about his Aunt Jane and let it go at that.

Peaches took me by the arm and led me through the condensed catacombs pointing out the scenery to me as we went.

"This room," she said, trying to step into a dent in the wall, "we'll fix up as your den."

"It might make a good den for a squirrel," I squeaked. "Why, I couldn't grow in a den like that."

"Oh! there's plenty of room," she cooed.

"That's only because it hasn't been papered," I remarked, and just then the janitor came bubbling to the surface and led us to the dining room.

"How cute!" Peaches gurgled.

"It is cute," I agreed; "but it looks more like a mousetrap."

Anyway, the place pleased Peaches,

so I was game to hang up my hat there if I had to.

"How much?" I said to Charles Peppermint, the janitor.

"The thousand," he answered with a tremor.

"What for?" I inquired blandly.

"For this apartment," he cross-counted.

"Three thousand dollars a year—each month in advance—no dogs—no children—no tango parties—no piano playing after 11 p.m.—you must deal with the grocer, butcher, laundry and haberdasher that I suggest, and no—"

I turned to look at Peaches. She was in the elevator, gasping for breath.

"I joined her in the elevator and in the gasping."

We gasped all the way back to the hotel.

Maybe Syd D'Elle was right about that Rube proposition.

Peaches and I sat down by the window with a collection of five horse stalls on the sixth floor. When I asked him if he knew any place around here large enough to hold a table and a couple he had a blowout in a perfectly good tire.

The janitor told us there were only three dark rooms and when I told him that three out of five took the record away from England, I thought he'd bite me.

Our next guess was a tall, blonde building with a fricassee of iron around the front of it.

It was called the Goshwartz Arm.

Surest thing you know!

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Smoking.
"This rime may seem a silly joke," remarked old Mr. Snipe.
"But, if you want a stove to smoke, just take away its pipe."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"This rime may seem a silly joke,"
said wise old Mother Faint.
"But, if you want a stove to smoke,
just tell him that he can't."—Newark (O.) Advocate.

Huh!
"Can you run a typewriter?" asked the old fogey.

"I used to think I could," replied the grouch, "but I married one."

Ouch!
We shouldn't throw away our gold,
Nor keep our peckets sealed.
But we should try to be whole souled
When we know we're well heeled.

Located.
"What?" inquires Luke McLuke, "has become of the old fashioned pink sea-shell that used to repose on the old fashioned whatnot?" The last time we saw it, Luke, it was still repose on the old fashioned whatnot in the southeast corner of the cellar.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Odd!
It makes me wonder as I write,
It sure is mighty strange;
Why does a man say money's tight
When he has some loose change?

The Wise Fool.
"Man was made to mourn," observed the sage.

"That's right," replied the fool. "He has to hustle to pay his rent, and if he can't raise the rent he has to keep on the move."

Tough.
It is a great injurious that
Man can't tell what he owes;
But, white his income just stands pat,
His outgo grows and grows.

Paw Knows Everything.
While—Paw, when does a man wear
a grave expression?
Paw—When he is acting as a pall-bearer, my son.

That Grapefruit.
When you hand a lemon to an optimist, he will dip up a little sugar and a little whisky, and a little hot water and make himself comfortable.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Noticed the remarkable growth in the ranks of the optimists?—New York Evening Telegram.

But what would he do if handed a grapefruit?—Honolulu Daily Post.

Holier for a sharp knife to cut the quinine flavored tape out of the center and powdered sugar and maraschino cherries.—New York Evening Telegram.

General News.

Fire Insurance Tornado

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It is so easy and so inexpensive to keep any kind of finished floor surface as bright and clean as new if you occasionally rub it over with **Brightener**. The only preparation that will successfully clean a waxed floor without removing the wax or a varnished floor without injuring the varnish. **FOR SALE BY PERRY'S DRUG STORE**

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It Always Helps
says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill."

I wish every suffering woman would give

CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson X.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 5, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xviii, 30-39—Memory Verses, 36, 37—Golden Text, Prov. xv, 29—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Elijah had been so safely hidden by the Lord during the three years that though Ahab had searched for him everywhere, in all lands, he could not be found (verse 10). How safe are those whom the Lord hides, and all His redeemed are hid with Christ in God (Col. iii, 3; Ex. xxvii, 22; Isa. ii, 10; Zeph. ii, 3). As by the word of the Lord he was sent into hiding at Cherith and Strepha, so by the same word he is now commanded to shew himself to Ahab (xviii, 2, 8; xviii, 1). He was indeed a man of God, His representative, acting only for God and in His name, and, as in the resurrection of the widow's son, foreshadowed Hymn who is the resurrection and the life, as the words "shew thyself" remind us of Him who after His resurrection from the dead "shewed himself alive" again and again during the forty days (John xx, 1, 4; Acts 1, 3).

We are glad to meet Obadiah, whose name means "servant of Jehovah," and to see him saving the life of and caring for a hundred of the Lord's prophets (xviii, 4, 13). As we see him the governor of Ahab's house we think of Joseph in Egypt overseer of Potiphar's house (Gen. xxxix, 1-4). Good men are often in difficult places for the glory of God. As Obadiah and Ahab went each his way to search for grass for the horses Elijah met Obadiah and told him to tell Ahab that he was on hand (xviii, 8, 11, 14). Obadiah was at first afraid that Elijah might again disappear, but on being assured that he would surely shew himself to Ahab he went to meet Ahab and told him, and Ahab went to meet Elijah (xviii, 15, 16). Fearlessly Elijah accused Ahab of forsaking the Lord and serving Baal and ordered him to gather all Israel and the prophets of Baal to Mount Carmel, and this Ahab did, for the word of the Lord in the mouth of Elijah was with power (xviii, 17-20).

Elijah boldly accused the people to decide whether they would follow Jehovah or Baal, and Ahab, having chosen between two opinions. But the people were dumb. Then he said that though he was but one against 450, he would suggest a test and that they should worship the God who answered by fire, and to this they agreed (21-24).

He gave the prophets of Baal the first opportunity, and, following his instructions, they prepared their sacrifice and cried unto their god from morning until noon, "O Baal, hear us!" But there was no answer.

Elijah mocked them and urged them to cry louder, saying that he must be busy or a journey or perhaps asleep. So they cried aloud, and leaped upon the altar, and cut them off the hair, and dashed oil and kept it up till the time of the evening sacrifice. But it was all in vain, for there was no answer of any kind, and no unseen power regarded their cries (25-29).

We may wonder why the devil missed such an opportunity to honor his worshippers, for the time will come when he will send fire from heaven (Rev. xiii, 13), but he can do nought without permission from God, and he was surely restrained this time. Now consider Elijah as he called the people to him, repaired the altar of the Lord, and, taking twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, built an altar in the name of the Lord, put the wood in order, prepared the sacrifice and drenched the whole with twelve barrels of water until the water ran about the altar and filled the trench (30-35).

Then Elijah, according to his God, not crying aloud nor with fire or demonstration of any kind, but calmly, with quietness and confidence, "Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God and that thou hast turned their heart back again."

How the great multitude must have listened to this simple prayer and how intently they watched this lonely man of God! We, too, have been watching him and listening to him talking to his God, the God of Israel, the only living and true God, and now behold the answer. Then the fire of the Lord fell upon the sacrifice and took hold of the wood and the stones and the earth and licked up the water that was in the trench. How can we refrain from shouting "Jehovah, He is the God!" (Verse 36-39). And we must add: "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, feared in praises, doing wonders?" (Ex. xv, 11). Quickly were the prophets of Baal slain, and Elijah said to Ahab, "There is a sound of abundance of rain." Then Elijah went to the top of Carmel to pray, and it was patient, earnest, persevering prayer, for the servant went seven times to look before he saw the indication of the coming storm in the form of a cloud like a man's hand, suggestive of Elijah's hand, taking hold of God's garment (40-40; Jas. 5, 18). If one's sight is simply to glory, God we may safely assert upon Jer. xxxiii, 3. Consider David and Hesekiel in I Kings xviii, 45-47; II Kings xix, 19, and fear not to pray (Psa. cx, 21, 27).

Reliable Tonic.

Many of the people around here know a good deal about this splendid remedy; to those who do not, we wish to say that Meritol Tonic Digestive is the greatest strength renewer, flesh builder and nerve tonic we have ever seen. For people in poor health, weak, run down and played out, those not as strong and vigorous as they should be, we recommend this tonic. Price \$1. Madison Drug Company Local Agents—Ad.

See Brock & Evans for Hail Insurance on your tobacco

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OUR PUBLIC FORUM

R. P. Schwerin
On the Seamen's Bill

The American plowmen are interested in sea commerce. It is expensive and likewise humiliating to have a batch of foreign flag every time a farmer wants to ship his products across the ocean. The American farmer is entitled to the protection of his flag in sending his products across the sea, and Congress should give such encouragement to shipping interests as is necessary to meet foreign competition in ocean commerce. A recent bill known as the Seamen's Bill was passed under the President's signature and Mr. R. P. Schwerin, vice-president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, when asked to define this law and outline its effect upon American shipmasters

lines, said: "The bill provides that no ship of any nationality shall be permitted to depart from any port in the United States with a crew not less than seventy-five per centum of which in each member of the crew is able to understand any order given by the officers of such vessel, nor unless forty per centum in the first year, forty-five per centum in the second, forty-five per centum in the third year, fifty-five per centum in the fourth year, after the passage of this Act, and thereafter sixty-five per centum of the crew shall be qualified licensed officers and apprentices, are of a rating not less than able seamen."

"The oversea trade of the world is competitive, therefore the original cost of the ship and the operation of the ship have to be reckoned with the keen competition of these rival nations with one another. The Oriental sailor is obedient and competent and is the cheapest sailor in the world. It is therefore manifestly clear that if this law applied to all nationalities in the trans-Pacific traffic, all would be on the same economic basis, but it would be a single handicap to all ships of the world, except the Japanese and American ships, and with the latter it would be a hardship. With the European, the cost of constructing a ship is no higher than the cost of constructing a Japanese ship, but if they had to provide European crews, while the Japanese operated with Japanese crews, the condition of competition would be such that they could not overcome the handicap and they would be driven out of the market. The American ship will have to contend not only with the Chinese crew, but also the greater initial cost of the ship, and the Japanese have now done away with their European officers and Japanese crews, all of whom speak a common language, there is no difficulty for them to comply with all the conditions of the bill and continue their Japanese crews, with Oriental wages."

"The law, therefore, instead of assisting the American ship, adds another heavy burden, while it places none whatever upon the Japanese ship, but, on the contrary, turns over to the Japanese the traffic of the Pacific Ocean, which the American ship is forced to forego by act of Congress of the United States."

DIVINE BLESSED COLLAPSE CERTAIN

Louisville Man, However, Gains Weight After Taking Tanlac.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 31.—C. D. Divine, one of the best and most favorably known men in Louisville, who is bookkeeper for the Falls City Clothing Company, recently had these words to say about Tanlac, the premier preparation:

"It was my misfortune to be afflicted with an aggravated case of stomach trouble and a highly nervous condition for several years. Gas would accumulate in my stomach, causing me great pain. These attacks followed one another in such rapid succession that my entire system became weak and made me susceptible to coughs and colds."

"At one time I feared I was in danger of a complete nervous breakdown. In fact, I was told that a breakdown was inevitable. I had a tired, worn-out feeling, my sleep was fitful, I was lacking in energy, and had no appetite. I was depressed in spirit and devoid of ambition.

"I suffered for two years, the stomach trouble refusing to yield to the treatment of the best physicians in Louisville. My nerves were shattered. I felt as though the people were dumb. Then he said that though he was but one against 450, he would suggest a test and that they should worship the God who answered by fire, and to this they agreed (21-24). He gave the prophets of Baal the first opportunity, and, following his instructions, they prepared their sacrifice and cried unto their god from morning until noon. "O Baal, hear us!" But there was no answer.

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Directors Seeking A Compromise.

A committee representing the Board of Directors of the George Alexander State Bank is reported to be interviewing the depositors of that institution presenting a proposition to pay over another 33 1/3 per cent dividend, thus making a total payment of 80 per cent.

In an effort to effect a compromise, this would mean a suspension of further proceedings in the case against them and also would operate as a settlement of the depositors' claims. The depositors, it is said, do not view the proposition very favorably, and some of them are said to have openly rejected the offer for compromise on the reported basis of an additional 33 1/3 per cent.

To the depositor who had but a small amount at stake, the offer would present some chance of acceptance, but to the one whose deposits were up in several figures the prospect does not seem so alluring.

Bourbon News.

Suggestions For Boosters.

Don't be the man who put a set in city. Building good houses builds a good town.

Save a little money and save a lot of worry.

Good roads lead not only to town, but to money.

A live one and the town will never be a dead one.

A nice front porch has prevented many an old maid.

Why should the town muzzle dogs and not knockers?

Bourbon News.

PANOLA.

The protracted meeting has just closed, being held two weeks by Rev. Lawrence Johnson. There were 32 additions.

...Mrs. W. B. Woolery has been in Louisville for the past two weeks taking treatment. Her recovery will be of much delight to her friends here and elsewhere. ...Miss Mayne Sharp, of Louisville, is spending several days with

the prospect.

—Bourbon News.

VALLEY VIEW.

Miss Myrtle Elkin, of Lexington, was

the guest of Mrs. Wilbert Stapp last

...Dr. Jack Martin, of Lexington,

visited his brother, Dr. J. B. Martin,

Saturday and Sunday....The ice cream

supper given for the benefit of the Baptist church was a success in spite of the rainy weather. ...Miss Ethel Wharton,

Misses Lillian and Grant Maupin visited

the Baldwin school Friday....Mr. and

Mrs. James Brookshire were in Lexington Saturday....Mr. Eugene Land, of Lexington, was here Saturday last.

—Bourbon News.

BOB-O-SINK.

The Friendship Bracelet

Let us supply you with "Bob-o-links" for your Friendship Bracelet.

Sterling Silver "Bob-o-links" cost only 25c each, engraving included—and we give you free a velvet wrist-ribbon for your first "Bob-o-link". Call today and see the "Bob-o-links".

—Bourbon News.

BOB-O-SINK.

This mark identifies the genuine

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BOB-O-SINK.

—Bourbon News.

BOB-O-SINK.

—Bourbon News.

BOB-O-SINK.

—Bourbon News.

BOB-O

Three Strips of Bunting

By
E. A. BINGHAM

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

"Private Duprez."

"Here!"

"Step forward!"

A young soldier of rarely average height, with nothing that was strikingly military in his bearing, but with a countenance pronouncedly intellectual, and dark eyes that had a depth and constant glow in their depths, stepped out of the ranks, approached the group of officers and stood at attention.

"Duprez!" said Colonel Mangin, twirling one end of his gray mustache with the fingers of a neatly gloved hand while he regarded the private critically. "Your lieutenant says you are intelligent."

"Thank you," replied Duprez with a slight smile.

"It remains to be proved that you are brave."

The soldier straightened himself, and a slight flush spread over his face that was naturally of an unusual color. The colonel smiled.

"I mean braver than brave," he explained, not without a sign of satis-faction as well as of amusement. "We are all brave here, I trust; but some must be braver than others."

"Yes, sir," the soldier answered.

There was a moment of silence while the colonel still toyed with his mustache, and a very fine one—and continued to study the man standing rigid at attention. Duprez as a soldier looked very new, as if just turned out.

Behind him stood at ease two battalions of soldiers, looking precisely as new and just turned out as Private Duprez. They were, indeed, fresh battalions just brought up from their divisional depot to the rear of the firing line.

They would, in all likelihood, go into action that day in support of the *7th* regiment, which had suffered heavily in the first French advance beyond the Vosges.

They were held now at the foot of a long, low hill in the green, rolling country of Lorraine.

"You are aware that we are short of officers?" said the colonel, at last.

"Yes, sir."

"I want a man to lead a detachment to perform an important and perilous duty."

"Very well, sir."

"You are willing?"

The soldier's eyes brightened and a smile came to his thin lips.

"I am not afraid."

"Good!"

"But I have one request to make." "The deuce you have!" cried the colonel, sharply. "What is it?"

"Then you permit me to choose the men whom I am to lead."

"Um-m," murmured the colonel.

Then he looked questioningly at the

pealed to him. And when he had found his twenty the officers could not repress exclamations of amazement, not unmixed with mirth, to see them assembled for review and in suchosis, looking as if they should have had books in their hands instead of rifles.

"Don't quite like the looks of that lot—for blowing up bridges," said the colonel, directing himself especially to Duprez' lieutenant.

That officer also had his doubts; but he realized that, Duprez having been given permission to choose his men, to make any changes in his command would be to imperil the success of the expedition and perhaps to weaken discipline and confidence in the two battalions.

"It's too late now, don't you think?" he ventured to suggest in reply.

"I suppose so," growled the colonel, retreating to his mustache.

And so Private Duprez, with a curling lark at the very corners of his mouth, and a deeper glow in his firm, dark eyes, was allowed to say about quickly informing his men of the task before them.

"Any man who doesn't like the job may step out, and I'll find another," he said tersely when he had finished. Not a man moved; there was doubt and curiosity on their faces, but no fear.

"That's better," admitted the colonel, at the earnest of the lieutenant.

He had his men Duprez and his twenty, carrying charges of dynamite in addition to their rifles and knapsacks, set out down the white road leading to the distant bridge.

They felt a curious thrill with the thought that they were in Lorraine, that far south of them other French regiments were in Alsace—that after forty years of patient waiting the hour of France had come, and the tricolor again waved over the fair, lost provinces.

"Treason!" cried scowlingly.

There was a moment of silence while the colonel still toyed with his mustache, and a very fine one—and continued to study the man standing rigid at attention. Duprez as a soldier looked very new, as if just turned out.

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"This is my answer to the emperor, kings, presidents, politicians, capitalists, bankers, makers of guns and power—all the money-soaked and power-crazed schemers who have brought twenty millions of slaves together to shoot each other down."

"This is my answer to the murderer, to us it is a stepmother, a shrew who detests and persecutes us."

"We are well aware that if a war should break out between France and England or Germany, it would be but the catastrophe of such a war, involving each other for the markets of the world. If we have to risk our lives, we should risk them not to defend nationalities, but rather to found the socialist nation that we already carry in our brains."

"Herve!" cried Tillier, as he raised his rifle and flung it on the ground.

The name was repeated here and there; and another rifle—two, three, four—slipped from loosened fingers and dropped into the dust or were thrown down like Tillier's.

"Yes, Herve, your great teacher, our prophet. Listen!"

And while the roar of the battle grew steadily nearer, on the other side of the hill, he read:

"Flags are only emblems. They have no value beyond what they seem to represent. There are thousands of flags that no longer stand for anything. And countries? What are they? Every country or nation, so called, is composed of two groups of men—the few seated at the loaded table and the mob begging for the crumbs. A country of the present time is nothing but a monstrous exploitation of man by man. Behold your country that they wish us to die for! Behold—"

A shell came screaming over the hill and exploded so near them that they scattered to the four winds. Duprez stopped for an instant, and there was a brief change in the expression of his countenance.

"But, whatever it was, he forced it back and read on. As he read, in his fervid and thrilling way, more rifles dropped from the hands of the men before him.

"It's true!" cried one as he tore off his belt and buttons. "No; that's too strong!" protested another, but not quite resolutely.

"The time has not come," said Duprez. "Treason to what?" demanded Duprez, advancing a step and reading his Lebel under his feet.

"Treason to your country! Treason to France!" retorted Martineau. And when there was an apparent division of feeling, a faint appeal of emotions aroused by the fiery and appealing words of Duprez and the sharp and antisepic reminder of his compatriots.

"Treason to France, already betrayed by parliamentary cliques! Treason to a country already plundered by grasping politicians! Treason to the Patrie already tottering to the grave dug for it by the traitor, the scoundrel, the scoundrel who fill the magazines of his battleships with rotten powder! Don't you know why the Liberte blew up?—men who fill their pockets with millions appropriated to buy a worn-out and bankrupt railroad—men who trade in the nation's property and the nation's lives—men who fatten on the corpses of the poor—men who reek with—"

"No!" shouted Martineau. "Treason to the country of Dercoule and Poncaré; treason to the nation attacked by the traitor who wants to put his foot on every province of France as he has on Alsace and—"

"Oh, there you are!" broke in Duprez. "That foolish cry of Alsace and Lorraine? What is Alsace? What is Lorraine? What is France? What is Germany, Austria, Russia? What is these imaginary lines drawn across fields and mountains and valleys?"

"What are these artificial divisions of men that are set to fighting one another on the flimsiest pretenses to gratify the lust of rulers. The German tyrant, you say! Yes, the German tyrant, the Russian tyrant, the French tyrants. What is the republic of France, as it stands today, but another form of that same corruption, that same autocracy, that same triumph of the few over the many that rules in all the world? Because you are all the men that hold him in whatever path he might choose to lead them."

Thrilled with his triumph, glorying in the sacrifice he was about to make, he thrust his book back into his pocket, and faced the men to make the last appeal, something from his own heart, clothed in his own eloquence, a speech he had long ago framed for some such moment of greatness. But even as he opened his mouth, before he could utter the first word of his oration, there came an interruption that held him and all the men in suspense.

"Brothers!" he cried. "A moment's pause.

"Brothers, comrades, fellow men! Why are we here?"

They could only look at him, puzzled by his words; all irrelevant to the hour, but fascinated by his fiery manner and the ring of his voice on the still air.

"Have you ever stopped to think why we are fighting? Did you stop to think back yonder when we passed the graves of our brothers of the *7th*, why they died, and why we shall die after them? Will you stop to reflect now what all this means?"

The little knot of men stole swift glances at one another's faces and saw his and hers a flush, and heard a catch of the breath and felt a movement of expectancy. Then all eyes were again fixed on their leader.

"Brothers," he went on, "I chose you for this undertaking because I saw in your faces that you are not mere crows—that you are not only brave men, but men who can think. I chose you because I knew that you would have the courage to die—for me now!—to die for a cause—for the cause!"

He paused and bent eagerly toward them. Would they understand his meaning? Would they know what he meant by the cause? For a moment the most intense silence held them, one and then. Then there was a nervous movement; their faces—not all, but some of them—lighted up; and one—it was little Tillier—uttered a sharp, swift "Ah!"

It was only an exclamation—scarce more than a whisper in the air. But upon Duprez the effect was magical, as it had been a signal, a command.

The men had been studying him curiously as he spoke to them. Each had wondered not a little at being picked for this expedition. None had become acquainted with him in the brief period of mobilization, of equipment and deployment of transportation in the crowded military train from Epinal to the front.

Three or four, including Tillier and Duval, had learned his name, and found him a studious, silent, curt fellow, not exactly rude or unsympathetic, but uncommunicative and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts.

Duprez, with a sudden motion, raised his rifle high in the air and flung it fiercely into the dust of the road at his feet.

His hands went swiftly to the cartridge-box at his belt, tore it open, and scattered the cartridges far and wide.

"Tillier, step out!"

He was one of the smallest men in the battalion, with a look of under-nourishment about him, but with noticeably keen features and an expression of restlessness in his eyes.

"Duval!"

He was a man of almost stalwart figure that seemed scarcely to belong to the soldiers face and the finely shaped head.

"You next!"

He was a figure that only the loose laws of conscription could have passed into an army fighting for a nation's existence. He was small, even for a peasant of France. But something in the way he moved, and especially something in his strong, thin face bespoke courage and power that might well have had their habitation in a strong and a finer body.

By this time Duprez had selected two or three more of the men who were to follow him. It was apparent to the watching officers that there was a curious method in his nominations. For the dangerous and difficult mission upon which he was about to be sent he was not choosing those of the battalion who looked the best soldiers or the readiest men for an undertaking that required courage, quickness and endurance.

Every face as he passed down the road. Then—with an acceleration of reckless determination, he jerked the belt itself from his body and hurled it away from him, the

silence far in the distance ringing with a clatter from the discarded gun.

There followed buttons, and numbers, and all else that was detachable from his once complete and proper uniform.

"This is my answer to the murderer, to us it is a stepmother, a shrew who detests and persecutes us."

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor—A. O. Stanley
For Lt. Governor—J. D. Black
For Sec. of State—Barksdale Hamlett
For Auditor—R. L. Greene
For Treasurer—Sherman Goodpastor
For C. C. of Appeals—R. W. Keen
For Sup't. Public In.—V. O. Gilbert
For Cm. of Agri.—M. S. Cohen
For R. R. Commissioner 3rd District
—Howard Stamper
For State Senator—N. B. Turpin
For Representative—John F. White
For Circuit Judge 25th District
—W. R. Shakesford
For Circuit Clerk—Jas. W. Wagers
City Election.
1st Ward
W. W. Broadus and W. L. Leeds
2nd Ward
D. W. Kennedy and Robt. Golden
3rd Ward
William O'Neal and Joe T. Arnold

CANDIDATES' CARDS

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE
For State and District Offices... \$15.00
For County Offices... 10.00
For City and County Dist. Offices... 5.00

We are authorized to announce that the following persons are Democratic candidates for the offices under which their names appear, to be voted for at the primary elections in August 1915 and 1917:

COUNTY OFFICES.

Primary, August 1917.

For REPRESENTATIVE
Wylter Q. Park

For SHERIFF
Long Tom Chenault.

G. W. Trim Deatherage.

Simeon Turpin.

P. S. Whitlock.

For JAILER:

Chas. S. Rogers

G. W. Dearenger.

Aaron Sharp.

Fox ASSASSOR.

W. F. Jarman.

J. W. Barclay.

Jerry R. Chambers.

Cyrus T. Stoe.

Gresley Barnes.

J. S. Gott

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

HOUSE FOR SALE.

I wish to sell privately my house and lot located on Irvine pike, near Rutherford. Lot is 50x176 feet; house contains 4 rooms, in good repair, and is occupied by good tenant. This property will be sold for investment for some one who wants to buy it. WILLIS MOORES, at Climax Office.

us that \$.

H. C. JAMES

will buy or sell your house, farm, town lots or anything else in the Real Estate line. Any business intrusted to him will be promptly and carefully attended to. See him if his services are needed.

I represent iron bound Insurance Companies — remember this.

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New
GARAGE

Automobile Repairing
Promptly and Reasonably Done

Day 788—Phone Night 572

R. W. Montgomery, Mgr

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Points of Excellence

- 1 Velvet touch
- 2 Lightest action
- 3 Best tabulator
- 4 Beauty of construction
- 5 Light weight
- 6 Life of Ribbon four times that of other machines
- 7 Turn out more work in one day with less effort than any machine on the market

THE VICTOR
is the Stenographer's Delight. Will
TAKE IN your old machine
on exchange

Marion Lilly, Agent
RICHMOND, KY

Velours Motor Coat



Personal

Phone 638 or 659 for all personal items.

Judge Jerry Sullivan is in Lexington this week.

Miss Lucia Burnam is at home after an extended Eastern trip.

Prof. Chas. A. Keith is in Carrollton conducting the Teachers Institute.

Mr. Joe S. Gardner of Jacksonville, Fla., was a visitor here last week.

Dr. Jack Millions of Lexington, is here on a visit to relatives and friends.

Miss Lucy Gray, of Winchester, was the weekend guest of Miss Dorcas Francis.

Little Leon Fife is spending the week with her grandmother, Mrs. Emma Fife.

Mrs. A. R. Donny, Mrs. Stockton, and Miss Julia White motored to Lexington Friday.

Mr. Jay Heath, formerly of this place, was the guest of his father for several days.

Miss Mary Huis, spent the weekend with friends at Berea.—Mt. Sterling Advocate.

Miss Nannie Evans is confined to her home with scarletina; however, she is not seriously sick.

Mrs. J. J. Greenleaf, of Richmond, is the guest of Miss Virginia Chinin.—Frankfort Journal.

Mrs. Hunter Matthews and Mrs. W. L. Leeds attended the K. of P. Fair at Nicholasville, Wednesday.

Mrs. Burton Paris, State Bank Examiner, was in this city a few hours last Wednesday.

Mr. Stanton Hume will leave this week for Ashville, N. C., to enter the Bingham Military Academy.

Miss Margaret Scrivner, of Winchester, has returned home after a delightful visit to relatives in this city.

Miss Mary Miller, of Richmond, is visiting Misses Mary and Virginia Hanna.—Harrington Leader.

Miss Benah Cotton has returned home after a delightful visit of two weeks with friends in and around Lexington.

Mr. L. A. Burnam, who has been in the East for the past several days, is now with Danville friends.—Danville Advocate.

Mr. R. L. Gentry, of Lexington, was here on business last Wednesday and shaking hands with old acquaintances.

Mrs. Sullivan, Misses Mary and Kathleen Sullivan and Miss Jeanette Pates returned from Oil Springs, Thursday night.

Miss Anna Dillingham Maupin and Miss Ruth Scrivner, left Friday for Hodgenville, Ky., where they will teach in the High School for the coming year.

Mrs. H. P. Reed and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of Mt. Sterling, arrived Thursday for a several days visit to the family of Mr. John Rymel and other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Barnett arrived last week on a visit to relatives here. They spent the winter in Florida, and will locate in Madison county, where they will buy another farm near Berea.—London Echo.

[NOTE—This is the Second of a Series of Five Articles Prepared by The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York City.]

Threats Made.

It is currently reported that several clues almost certainly in the authorities hands pointing to several of Leo M. Frank's lynches, Governor Harlan and many officials of Cobb county, Georgia, have been deluged with anonymous threats of death if they did not drop the investigation started by Gov. Harris to apprehend the members of the mob. A detailed story of a person said to be an eyewitness, states that Frank made no confession and went to his death stoically.

Amoxol Ointment will quickly banish pimples on the face, blackheads, and all minor skin troubles. Chronic cases of Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Tetter, etc., have suffered for years, require both the Ointment and the Recta cure. Trial size 50c. Guaranteed and recommended by Henry L. Perry, the druggist. adv

Notice.

We have just received information that a man is taking subscriptions for this paper at Sand Gap and other points. We never heard of this man and he has no authority to represent us. He is a swindler. Be on your guard and give us such information as you may have in order that we may catch him and put him behind the bars.

The Biggest Interest.

A man in another State was once asked which of his several investments paid him the highest rate of interest, and he promptly replied that it was the dollar that he paid on his subscription to the local paper.

"One day I wanted to buy a cow," he said, "and was intending to make a trip of fifteen miles to get one I knew was for sale at a certain price. But just before starting I happened to pick up a local paper and noticed that a nearby neighbor was offering one of the same breed at a dollar less than the other one. He really sold it to me for \$1.00 less. I saved a long thirty mile drive and \$4 in cash because I had paid a dollar for the paper.

Then let him in on the secret, and start him out rubbing it into his neighbors, and see that he keeps it up until they, too, become tired of the contrast and the bragging and get busy on their own property with a determination to outdo the rest of you.

And in time the whole town will become jealous of the property of each other and the other fellow will be whooping it up to see who can have the most attractive place.

Then the traveling public will come along and take notice, and go away and talk of the beauties of our town and the attractiveness of our people and other people, will want to come and live in such a fine community.

And isn't it easy to see that your property will then be worth nearly double what it is to day?

See Breck & Evans about that Life Insurance policy you ought to have. They have the company... 19-19

Additional Personals on Page 3

You Can Enjoy Life

Eat what you want and not be troubled with indigestion if you will take a Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet before and after each meal. Sold only by us—25c a box.

Henry L. Perry.

Killed By Officers

After an exciting running pursuit of a man in chase of two fugitive negroes, Policemen John Ballard and Wallace Strode, of Winchester, killed one and wounded the other last week. The police received a message during the night that robbery had been committed at Corbin, and asking the Winchester police to watch the trains. On the arrival of the 5 o'clock train from Corbin, the two negroes saw the officers, jumped from the train and took to flight, uttering the calls of the officers. After the chase had continued for about a mile, and the negroes had obtained a lead of over a hundred yards when the officers fired, and although the distance was unusually long for pistol fire, stopped both fugitives as told above. Neither negro has been identified.

Keep your money in circulation by handing us that dollar you owe us.

Our Guaranty is Your Protection.

It is a pleasure to sell you Meritol White Liniment on a guarantee; we know you will be satisfied in every instance where a pain killer and healer is needed. Very effective for rheumatic pains, neuralgia, lumbago, lame backs, strains and swellings, and all deep seated and muscular pains. Prices 25c, 50c, 1.00. Madison Drug Company Exclusive Agents.—Adv.

The Victor typewriter is the newest and best machine on the market.

25c Marion Lilly, Agent.

See Breck & Evans for Tondao Insurance.

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W. H. Perry, Agent.

See Breck & Evans for Tondao Insurance.

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See Breck & Evans for Tondao

A Belgian

By
PAULINE BRADFORD
MACKIE

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

All night Maurice Beaujon was possessed with the certainty that Jean was lying, wounded, in the open field. He knew the lad trusted him to come, so Beaujon tossed as a mother might and could scarcely wait for the dawn. He talked to Jean. The stars were paling.

"There, so, Jean"—he reached for his coat—"so, Jean, keep up your courage!"

He raised his flask and tasted of its contents:

"So, Jean, a few drops, they put heart in a man."

He stuffed a loaf of bread into his knapsack.

"Now, a crumb, Jean—so!"

He gathered up gauze and dressing for a wound and thrust it into his knapsack. "So now, Jean, let me see. Ah-h-h, that is had, but we'll get you well. Let me on this handse. They'll do better for you at the hospital, but this will serve till we get there."

He flung his knapsack over his back. "So Jean, just round around my neck. Gently, gently! I'll not let you. That's better, eh?" He laughed. "The uhlans didn't get you, Jean."

It was gray when he went down the road. People had their houses open, but the shop windows were closed. At the city gate an officer talking with a sentry recognized Maurice.

"Hello, Beaujon!" he called. "You have been promoted for bravery."

Beaujon nodded as a master of course. He had fought like a demon to kill men; he must have been like a maniac; his throat was raw inside; he had risen to a kneeling position in the trenches to snatch a flag which had been shot away from Jean, and he had waved it high above his head to cover the retreat of his compatriots.

And then the uhlans were on him again, but he was up and running with the flag, and he had escaped; somehow he had escaped. It was a miracle. He never doubted Jean's safety until the last.

"Where are you going, Beaujon?"

"For Jean," Beaujon answered.

"Valles is he missing?" the officer asked. "I have been through the hospitals?"

"He is not in them," Beaujon answered.

This delay tortured him. He knew he could make his search better before the sun was up, for the gleam of the bayonets had dazzled his eyes yesterday, and from the field they would find in his eyes again.

Benton pointed. "Valles can't be far," he added. "We were right in those trenches, just back of those bushes."

"Well, go on, then," said the officer; "but he cautious. Remember the wounded have been taken off the field. You won't find him alive."

"Alive," thought Beaujon impatiently; "no, not if this talking keeps up much longer." He saluted and burst away.

He stepped out into the field. He had known he should see the rifles and the bayonets again, but they did not find in his eyes now.

No, they were dull and gray like the sky. He gazed blankly into the zenith; his first instinct was to look away from the ground.

There was still a star shining; it was yellow and very faint. He met its gaze. It looked at him steadily, blinked, and went out. The thought of Jean gripped him, and he forced himself to look down again over the field.

There were spots on the bushes; thin, slow streams furrowed the ground as the light increased these sluggish trickles, these splashes, were scarce.

This was a shambles; the world a slaughterhouse.

All the panoply of war was gone; all that made it brilliant, all that goaded him on, was gone. Why had he been promoted for bravery?

He was not brave now.

His mind was confused; he must stop; he must be clear. There was a word which would help him if he could remember it.

He pressed his hand to his forehead, struggling for that word. Ah, he had it! Sure. He must be same.

He strode firmly forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his thoughts on the bushes just beyond the fence.

He heard low moans and cries, but he did not heed them.

Something moved in a heap of bodies. How dead men struggled! He passed on. There, out on a free space of ground, a dead Belgian was lying forward on his face.

Beaujon paused. Clutched in the man's hand was an arm. He stared. Then he saw that the man's other arm had been shot off.

His heart jumped.

Could a slender fellow be Jean? He went forward and turned him over. When he saw the face of a stranger he began to laugh.

Now that the fellow did not prove to be Jean, he saw how comical it was. What did he expect to do with his arm? Run to the hospital with it to have it sewed on?

Beaujon pursued his search, chuckling.

The east grew rosy and a sweet, cool breeze blew against him. The day promised to be fine and clear. He was glad of that.

Jean always liked to lie flat on his back in an open field, staring up at the sky with eyes that were as blue. Mme. Valles was a German, and her eyes were like her sons.

She wept because her sister had boys in the German army. Her own husband was a Belgian, and her sympathy must go with him; and Jean, her son—was he not fighting the Germans as well as his father?

But women took life hard.

He was sorry for women. He thought great that fellow was running off with his own son, but he collapsed. There was a saying in the Bible, "As one whom his mother cometh." The fellow had probably started to run home to his mother. She must be proud of her big boy.

He chuckled again.

He had forgotten that word which had impressed him so strongly—that

word which would help him. He knew it was important, but he had forgotten it again.

He hummed a tune—a little, old, Alsatian tune—as he continued his search; the men whose faces he looked at made no impression on him; he only knew they were not Jean.

The sun flashed on the bayonets and sabers, lying about; it was pretty as a picture.

He bent over a body. Some instinct made him rise and whirl about on his heel.

He was face to face with one of the uhlans. The German was on foot.

Each man was but a mirror of the other, so identical were their expressions; each had believed himself alone searching for a friend. They stared at each other; they turned; they ran in opposite directions as if pursued by demons.

The fight was out of both of them.

Beaujon dropped his rifle as he ran. Horror was on his heels. He stumbled and fell and lay as if dead, then reached slyly for his rifle.

As his hand gripped it he realized that it must be another man's, for he had dropped his own.

He sat up and looked over the field. The enemy had disappeared. His turned his head, and there he saw him lying. It was Jean's rifle he held. He knew by the smile on Jean's face that the lad was dead.

Only dead men were happy like that; that is, the right sort of dead men.

Marie knelt and dried his feet and put a pair of clean stockings on him. They were Papa Valles', as were also the hoots, she brought. Papa Valles had gone to the war, too; and he was a big man like Beaujon, not slight like Jean. Jean was so pretty—like a girl. Her team fell more gently.

Beaujon pulled on the hoots. He rose and shook hands with Miss Dewey.

"Good-by," he said. "When you return to your own country remember us."

She stood on the steps of the hotel, while Marie followed him to the road.

"Wait," he said; "I was forgetting something."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a big key and gave it to Marie. "It is the key to my shop. If I do not come back all is yours."

She took it as a child might. "Yes." She kept her eyes fixed wistfully on Beaujon's face.

"Good-by," he said, and bent to kiss her cheek; then suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her mouth. "Good-bye."

The blood coursed freely through his veins once more. That kiss—so fresh, so sweet—had revived him. It was as though Marie had become a stranger with whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

Their love sprang new horn from this moment; it had no past. He went off down the road with a swinging step, his shoulders squared. The good God meant well by man. His hand must be over this somehow—yes—over it all.

"What is his shop, Marie?" asked Miss Dewey.

"The fourth one down on that side, mademoiselle," answered Marie.

"Oh, that beautiful lace shop!"

Miss Dewey exclaimed. "There are some wonderful rose-pieces in the window. I noticed them the first day I was in town. So he is a lace-maker?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Beaujon reached the top of the road. He turned and waved his cap.

"He is gone," said Marie. She clasped her hands on her breast.

"Think, mademoiselle, how one hour can bring me two sorrows. It is war!"

He lifted Jean on his back and started homeward. It was strange that he was carrying Jean's rifle instead of his own.

It was a message that he must fight for them both. He was great but extremely tired. When he had killed one man before, now he would kill two; it would be double the number, he always said for Jean.

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